

A MAN IS KNOWN BY THE COMPANY HE KEEPS

NEITHER OF THEM
KNEW IT WAS EMPTYHun and Yank Figure in
Exciting Little By-play
With Gat

MACHINE GUN NEST EMPTIED

Surprise Attack by Headquarters
Company Nets Seventy Pris-
oners—Plus One

On the front, fact is living up to its reputation and outstripping fiction. A thousand instances of hair breadth escapes, of tense, uncertain situations grew out of the semi-open fighting near Chateau-Thierry. Here is one.

A certain infantry captain was in command of a headquarters company which had gone forward in support. He stationed his men behind a point where it was thought there might be need for them, and went forward with a lieutenant to reconnoiter.

A few hundred yards ahead they came upon a formidable German machine gun nest in a ravine. They had approached so quietly that they were not discovered by the enemy. The captain sent the lieutenant back to bring the company forward. The men deployed and advanced, silently mounted machine guns, and, at a signal from the captain, opened fire.

For fifteen minutes the Americans deluged the Germans. When they stopped 70 enemy soldiers, all that were left of a company, arose and held up their hands in token of surrender.

Not so a German lieutenant in command. He mounted a big rock and brandished a grenade ready to throw it at the first of his men who started toward the Americans.

The American captain, unseen by the lieutenant, crept around the boulder and came up facing him, his revolver pointed at the German's head. The lieutenant started and remained rigid until the Top, who had followed the captain, knocked the grenade from the German's hand. The lieutenant and his men were then made prisoners.

The captain was recounting the adventure later.

"I had him covered with this little gat," he explained, exhibiting the revolver, "and if he had stirred I'd have plunked."

The captain did not finish. In the middle of the sentence he abstractedly "broke" the revolver and twirled the chamber.

There wasn't an unfired cartridge in it. He had emptied the weapon in the first firing and never reloaded it.

SOME TRIP ANYWAY

The wild-Marine-with-the-hobnailed-foot was wandering around rather aimlessly, and looking rather disgruntled. "Whassamatter?" inquired a helpful doughboy.

"Hell," ejaculated the Soldier of the Sea-and-then-some. "I'm out of a hospital on a afternoon's leave. Join the Marine Corps and see the world?"

"How'd can I when me eyes is all choked up with gas?"

Soldiers, to Learn French Get the English & French Dictionary
(With French Pronunciation) Price 1fr 25
Albin MICHEL, Publisher, 22 Rue Bayenne, Paris

Longines
Watches
Repairs
11, Bd des Italiens
Télép. Louvre 12-20

"BRUYERE ROUGE"
7/6
Postage to France 1/-
The Favourite and Favorite
MILITARY PIPE
An exquisitely finished Italian Briar. Pouches of best hand-cut Para Vaseline, strong and carefully selected. Smokes freely from start to finish. Irrespective of kindness - serviceable. Smooth or bent. No metal tubes are inserted in these pipes. This ensures a cool smoke.
Messrs. Evans and Evans also supply their VERY-FINEST QUALITY
EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES
400 for £1-16-4
Messrs. Evans and Evans
34 THE HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1.

WILSON
8 RUE DUHOT
Téléphone Gutenberg 11-03
The SMALLEST BUT SMARTEST
UMBRELLA SHOP IN PARIS

AMERICAN EYE CLASSES
E. B. Meyrowitz
LONDON OPTICIAN PARIS
Old Bond St. 3, Rue Scriber.

BELLE JARDINIÈRE
2, Rue du Pont-Neuf, PARIS
THE LARGEST OUTFITTERS IN THE WORLD
AMERICAN and ALLIED MILITARY UNIFORMS
COMPLETE LINE of MILITARY EQUIPMENT
FOR OFFICERS and MEN
Toilet Articles—Clothing and All Men's Furnishings
Agents for BURBERRYS
Sole Branches: PARIS, 1, Place de Clichy, LYON, MARSEILLE
BORDEAUX, NANTES, NANCY, ANGERS
Self-measurement Cards, Catalogues and Patterns.
Post free on application.

VISITING WRITERS
NOT TO BE BELTEDAccredited Correspond-
ents Can Still Wear Sam
Browne, Though

Sam Browne belts will not be worn by "visiting" newspaper correspondents any more, according to a recent general order.

Nor will visiting correspondents wear the American officers' uniform in modified form, as has previously been the case. The "U.S." will come off their collars, and their brassards, instead of having a red "C" on a black field, will bear a red "C" on a white field.

Accredited correspondents—meaning those newspapermen who are duly accredited by the War Department, and who are charged with the duty of "keeping the American public informed of the activities of our forces"—are still allowed to wear the Sam Browne and the things that go with it, without, of course, officers' insignia of rank.

They are provided with passes and identity cards like those of officers, authorizing them to travel within the zone of the American Army under G.H.Q.'s regulation. Visiting correspondents, on the other hand, are ordinarily to be accompanied by conducting officers.

PLEASANTLY SURPRISED

The Y man had just announced Sunday night church for the colored labor battalion in the company street. One old boy from South Carolina went over to the Y man with his face all creased with smiles. "Ah, such an glad you all is gwine to have church again. I ain't been to church so long ova here in France. I didn't know the Lawd was livin' yet."

J. COQUILLOT
BOOT MAKER
Trench Boots, Riding Boots,
Puttees and Aviators' Needs
FURNISHER TO SAUMUR.
75 Ave. des Champs-Élysées, PARIS.

WALK-OVER SHOES
34 Boulevard des Italiens
19-21 Boul. des Capucines
PARIS

All soldiers are welcome at the WALK-OVER Stores, where they can apply for any information and where all possible services of any kind will be rendered free of charge.

LYONS, 12 Rue de la République
NAPLES, 215 Via Roma
The WALK-OVER "French Conversation Book" and Catalogue will be sent gratis any soldier applying for it.

AMERICAN MILITARY and NAVAL FORCES

CREDIT LYONNAIS

Head Office: LYONS
Central Office: PARIS, 19 Boulevard des Italiens
BANKING BUSINESS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
WITH ENGLISH-SPEAKING STAFF
EVERY FACILITY FOR FOREIGNERS

Branches in all principal French towns, amongst others the following:
Amiens, Angers, Angoulême, Bayonne, Belfort, Besançon, Bordeaux, Brest, Caen, Calais, Cannes, Cautin, Châlons, Clermont, Dijon, Dunkirk, Epinal, Evreux, Fécamp, Havre, La Rochelle, Limoges, Marseilles, Nancy, Nantes, Nice, Orléans, Rennes, Rochefort, Rouen, Saint-Dizier, Saint-Malo, Toulon, Tours, Troyes, Vannes, Versailles, Vézelay, Yverdon, Bourges, Clermont-Ferrand, Isodon, Nevers, Saint-Raphaël, Vierzon.

NEW YORK. . . . WASHINGTON

BRENTANO'S

(Société Anonyme)

Booksellers & Stationers,
37 AVENUE DE L'OPÉRA, PARIS.

JUST PUBLISHED

Distinctive signs of Rank and
Insignia of the Principal Allied Armies
Post free: 1 franc 20 centimes

United States Army Regulations, etc:

FINE COLLECTION OF WAR POSTERS



Awarded Gold Medal
Chicago Exhibition
1893

Military Jewelry

THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Co. have the most comprehensive selection of Military Badge Jewelry. The Company will be pleased to submit designs for any American Army or Naval Badge required; or to send photographs or selections for approval.

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company have no branch establishments in Regent Street, Oxford Street, or elsewhere in London or abroad—only one address, 112 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

THE
GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS
COMPANY LTD.
with which is incorporated
The Goldsmiths' Alliance Ltd. Est. 1879
112 Regent St., London, W.1.

"MORNY" SHAVING SOAP

(SAVON À RASER)

YIELDS a copious non-drying lather, which enables the usually irksome operation of shaving to be performed with ease and comfort. Known as the "Officer's Shaving Soap."
Morny Shaving Soap is unique in every way, and represents the highest standard yet attained in the production of Shaving Soap.
Round Flat Tablet, scented "Chamade," "June Rosea," "Lavender" or "Violette," in Ivory Case ... 2/9.
Stick in Card Case ... 2/9.

Send amount, with 1/- postage, direct to
MORNY FRERES LTD., 201 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

OLD MAN IN FRANCE,
KIDS STILL IN U. S.
K. of C. Worker Beats Three
Sons in Getting
Overseas

DAUGHTER IN SERVICE, TOO

One Boy Walks 1400 Miles to En-
list—Another Now Doing
Fourth Hitch

"And the old man beat 'em all to it!" That is the way the story of the McNally family runs out the story of a father, three sons and a daughter all in war service. "The old man," who enlisted later than any of them, was the first to get to France. And maybe the boys aren't sore!

Father's name is Charles S. McNally, of 1815 Stiles Street, Philadelphia. He is 54 years old and therefore considerably beyond the fighting age. But with Son John a top sergeant at Camp Dix, Son Roger a cadet aviator at Kelly Field, Tex., Charles S., Jr., a buck in the 301st Cavalry training in the States—Charles S., Jr., enlisted on his 18th birthday, by the way—and daughter Mary forewoman of the filing department of the War Risk Insurance Bureau at Washington, Father felt that something had to be done about it, so the children wouldn't completely show him up.

Accordingly, he offered his services as a field secretary to the Knights of Columbus; was accepted; and—his heart! And John, growing over his company master, because he isn't up front in France; Roger, turning frantic spirals on the Texas front when all the time he's dying to lambaste the squareheads over here; Charley, scraping the mud off the sides of a cavalry platoon; and Mary, keeping card indexes running for her country—they don't like the idea at all, because they know how the old gent will kid them when he sees them.

How Roger Got in

A word about Son Roger. He was caught up in Alaska when the war broke out, teaching school at a morsel of a town named Iliad. Gradually word seeped up to him that there was a war, and that he would have to walk down to another town to register under the selective draft law. This he did; and it was some hike.

It was some hike back to the school, though, so long that Roger had plenty of time to think things over on the way. By the time he had walked back to Iliad, he couldn't see teaching school for a cent—not while there was a war in Europe and he was in Alaska. So he said goodbye to his blackboard and books, and started to hike back to the town where he had registered, to enlist.

He got there all right, and demanded to be sworn in. "Can't enlist you without you showing your registration card," he was told. "Oh, thunder!" said Roger, for he had left the little blue certificate way back at Iliad.

There was nothing to do but to walk back and get it, so he went ahead and did so. By the time he finally reappeared with it, ready to take the flat-foot test, the lung test, the eye test and the spread-the-checks test, he had walked in all about 1,400 miles, pretty nearly half the distance between the Atlantic coast of the U.S. and the Atlantic coast of France.

John an Old Timer

By the time they got him over here from down in Texas, Roger will be a prominent champion for the long-distance cup of this war. His brother John, though, beats him out in point of service, for he is now serving his fourth enlistment in the Army.

In addition to John, Roger, Charles, Jr., and Mary, there are two other sons of the first-to-enlist McNally, both Jesuit priests. They now have applications in for chaplains, either with the Army or the K. of C. and when those go through the tribe of McNally will have a war batting average of 1000 per cent.

"The old man" is going up to the front next week; and gosh! how the children dread it!

PEACE—AND THE A.E.F.

They know, deep in their dreams, Peace and its ancient thrills; Peace by the singing streams, Peace in the lonely hills; But out from the battle hue Here is their answer spun— "Not till the game is through! Not till the fight is won!"

Deep in the bitter strife, Swept by the endless roar, They know what they've missed of life From years that have gone before; But answering, gun for gun, Here is their last call due— "Not till the game is won! Not till the fight is through!"

On where the crosses grow, On where their lost ones sleep, They drive for the waiting foe Out where the night is deep; Out through the crash and din Here is their answer spun— "Not till the score is in! Not till the game is won!"

They know where the home fires wait, Far from the flaring light; They see, in the grip of Fate, Peace and the quiet night; Peace and the dreams they knew— Peace and the friendly sun— But not till the game is through! Not till the fight is won!

GRANDLAND RICK, 1st LL, F.A.

ETIQUETTE HINTS
FOR DOUGHBOYS

Questions Answered

EDDY—No, if the General who pins the decoration on you kisses you (as is apt to be the case), don't try to kiss back. The chances are that you'd get the worst of the bargain, as he, having given out so many decorations, is sure to be a much more expert kisser than you are. Just salute, shake hands if he offers to, and try to look modest. That last is pretty hard, for no one can blame you for being proud to the point of bursting.

S.L.—When invited to go on a road-mending party, always accept. Road-mending is one of the most exclusively outdoor sports now being pursued in France and points adjacent, and proficiency in it is sure to lead the way to social, if not military, favor. In fact, it is being extensively followed by an ever increasing number of the sons of the Chinese aristocracy.

C.W.M.—If you want to show off the fact that you came over to 1, Liberty and England, instead of to one of the base ports in France, refer to all the junior officers in your mess as "Mr."—never as lieutenant. If you do slip and say lieutenant, be sure to catch yourself in time to pronounce it "lieutenant." That will at once prompt the query, "Oh, you came over by way of England, didn't you, you lucky stiff?" And then the field is clear for any anecdotes you want to spring.

W.A.R.—When the Colonel makes a speech at a Y.M.C.A. Sunday night gathering, don't choose too loud. If he's one of the kind of Colonels that likes to make speeches on Sunday nights, he should be treated in exactly the same way that one treats all Sunday night speakers—courteously, but firmly. Under no considerations try to give him the Chautauqua salute in the first place. You know yourself that you haven't a clean handkerchief to your name, and in the second it might unnerve the Colonel so much that he would start to yodel, or worse. And that, you know, would never, never do.

SET PILE DRIVING RECORD

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, July 4.—Edward Burrell and his crew of veteran shipworkers at Hog Island claim to have established a new world's record for pile-driving, with 220 piles driven in nine hours and five minutes, representing a pile every two and a half minutes, and breaking the old record of 165 piles in nine hours.